



PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY  
HORACE HART M.A., AT THE  
OXFORD UNIVERSITY  
PRESS

THE ARRAIGNMENT  
OF PARIS  
1584

THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS

1910

This reprint of the *Arraignment of Paris* has been prepared by Harold H. Child and checked by the General Editor.

*July* 1910.

W. W. Greg.

No entry of the *Arraignement of Paris* has yet been found in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, nor is any record of the play known previous to the issue of the quarto by Henry Marsh in 1584. From the title-page of this we learn that it had been performed before the Queen by the Children of the Chapel, who had in fact acted at court on 6 January and 2 February 1583/4, as recorded in the Pipe Rolls.

As to the authorship we are fortunate in possessing quite first-rate testimony. Thomas Nashe, in his address 'To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities' prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, in the course of commending various English poets mentions Mathew Roydon, Thomas Atchelow, and George Peele, adding (1589, sig. A2<sup>v</sup>): '& for the last, thogh not the least of them all, I dare commend him to all that know him, as the chiefe supporter of pleasance nowe liuing, the *Atlas* of Poetrie, & *primus verborum Artifex*: whose first encrease, the *Arraignement of Paris*, might plead to your opinions, his pregnant dexteritie of wit, and manifold varietie of inuention; wherein (*me iudice*) hee goeth a step beyond all that write.' This evidence is, moreover, supported by that of *England's Helicon*. In that collection ll. 584-99 of our play appear with the heading 'Colin the enamoured Sheeheard, singeth this passion of loue' and the signature 'Geo. Peele' (1600, sig. 2B4; ed. Bullen, p. 251), while immediately following, and above the same signature, are found ll. 666-77 with the heading 'Oenones complaint in blanke verse'. The *Helicon* versions present the following variants: l. 598 'to ease', l. 666 'Melpomene', l. 670 'This', l. 674 'fortunes', l. 675 'And then'.

The quarto is printed in roman type of a body approximately equal to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). The press-work is not good, with the result that doubtful letters rather frequently occur. One copy is preserved in the British Museum, another among Capell's books at Trinity College, Cambridge. The latter has an uncorrected outer forme in sheet A, and an uncorrected inner forme in E, while the former has an uncorrected inner (and possibly also outer) forme in B. The variants will be found in the list. These two copies have been collated throughout.

The division of scenes in the quarto is by no means consistent, nor are they always correctly marked. The arrangement of acts and scenes adopted in the edition of Peele's works by A. H. Bullen has therefore been added in the margin.

## LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

10	racet	178	c.w. <i>The</i> (179 <i>An</i> )
15	T'appeaz e (?)	182	<i>Ida</i> (o <i>Ida</i> T.C.C.)
24	<i>Atrops</i>	187	bring.
31	(no catchword)	191	<i>The</i> (Then?)
61	had the ( <i>the t doubtful in</i> B.M.; had the T.C.C.)		rouude . . . muft muft
69	felfe (felfe)	206	thee (the)
96	That (that T.C.C.)	246	haue, (haue power)
102	(om. sig. T.C.C.)	251	pleasunt
107	<i>Iono</i>	265	denyed.
110	spring. ( <i>period doubtful</i> )	278	<i>Phorcias</i> ( <i>Phorcus</i> or <i>Phorcys</i> )
118	Oxstips (Oxflips)	279	Thattangled
129	blue.	282	cunnig
140	c.w. A dain- (141 <i>Sil.</i> A deintie)	307	With
161	Hitherward	313	Oenone. ( <i>superfluous</i> )
162	Siluan	317	for ( <i>fore</i> B.M.)
163	marche, ( <i>comma doubtful</i> )	348	nympe
171	assemblie, ( <i>the i doubtful</i> )	360	Alouely
		391	c.w. <i>They</i> (392 <i>The</i> )

392 *Pulcherrimæ.* (*Pulcherrimæ.*  
     B.M.)  
 397 giuen (giue B.M.)  
 402 w yfe (?)  
 407 bautye,  
 429 c.w. and (And)  
 430 hate (*i. e.* ha't)  
 439 me not at (me at)  
 466 this (thie B.M.)  
 471 They (Thou)  
 474 prize. (*the r doubtful*)  
 492 fett  
 500 vvorthines, (*apparently a*  
     *period in B.M.*)  
 505 pallas  
 518 hate (*i. e.* ha't)  
 536 *Jbee*  
 541 *daconforto* (?)  
 547 *Cble*  
 553 wrape  
 563 bee.  
 565 whose  
 566 *guieth . . . venus.*  
 573 *paris*  
 575 wherein  
 578 well . . . leyfe  
 580 *Act.* (581 *ACT.*)  
 607 sheepeheed  
 609 cheerifhethher  
     (*cheerifheth their ?*)  
 628 beguide  
 630 *popular*  
 644 wrap  
 651 she hath (*a wide space be-*  
     *tween*)  
 666 *Melponie,*  
 683 awarie.  
 687 why  
     or (O?)  
 688 does (*the e doubtful*)  
 695 *Mer.* (superfluous)  
 703 whon  
 708 ypeirceft  
 710 *plaine,*  
 722 were (nere ?)  
     monte (wonte)

727 *V* (*IV*)  
 732 verse.  
 737 *Manent.*  
 762 cupids  
 768 ofloue  
 769 right : (right.)  
 770 vvell (*Ven.* Well)  
 774 *Theftis*  
 780 *died.* (*died,*)  
     *died.* (period doubtful)  
 787 *he*  
 788 *Theftis,*  
 789 his (hers ?)  
 791 *effects* (*affects ?*)  
 792 *onge.* (*Songe.*)  
 798 *Shep* (*Shep.*)  
 800 *creull*  
 810 (*belongs after l. 813 ?*)  
 814 *Louely*  
 818 *VI.* (*V.*)  
 821 c.w. yf (*Yf*)  
 823 *sweete* (*the t doubtful*)  
 848 *vulcan*  
 851 *Ioue,* (comma doubtful)  
 857 *P r* (*Par.*)  
 859 *Explicit.* (*Explicit the t*  
     *doubtful*)  
     c.w. *Vulcan* (*ACT.*)  
 862 be (*the e damaged*)  
 873 apples (apes)  
 880 faves, a,  
 884 Ifayth (?)  
 886 roundy laies,  
 912 vnder  
 915 *Inno,*  
 927 c.w. Him- (928 Him selfe,)  
 935 *Iou.* (*i. e.* *Ioue* for *Iup.*)  
 975 voyde  
     maintaine. (*second i*  
     *doubtful*)  
 994 My thought  
 1010 repent (*second e doubtful*)  
 1019 pardoned,  
 1042 *speakeeb.*  
 1057 you  
 1062 defence.

1077 c.w. Go (1078 Goe)	1173 cunning
1088 indgment:	1179 <i>explicit.</i> •
1106 thoughtly (second t	1184 afwell
doubtful, possibly r:	1188 of (or)
• read throughly) •	1190 (no catchword)
1111 with. (?)	1193 prize.
1115 c.w. <i>Venus</i> ( <i>Iup. Venus</i> )	1205 abide. ( <i>the i doubtful</i> )
1116 toe. ( <i>i. e.</i> too)	1244 honour
1117 <i>Vulc</i>	1248 mine.
1121 <i>Mar</i>	1289 <i>Phæbus</i> ( <i>Phæbes</i> )
1127 to to	1301 weaue
1132 <i>Ioue.</i>	1303 c.w. <i>The</i> ( <i>The</i> )
1141 facred powre	1306 followeth:
(facredpowre <i>T.C.C.</i> )	1332 <i>Elizaas</i>
1145 holly	1336 <i>Atrops</i>

On D 3<sup>v</sup> the headline is misprinted 'The Arayngment', on C 3 the period is omitted, on D 3 and E 3 'of' appears as 'Of'. The anomalous use of 'v' medially is not uncommon. Where a long line is divided between two or more speakers, the later portions often begin with lower-case letters. No attempt has been made to correct the doubtful Latin of certain stage directions. Further textual conjectures will be found in Bullen's edition of Peele.

## LIST OF CHARACTERS

(in order of entrance)

ATE.	DIGON.
PAN.	THENOT.
FAUNUS.	MERCURY.
SILVANUS.	THESTYLIS.
POMONA.	VULCAN.
FLORA.	a Nymph of Diana.
the Muses.	BACCHUS.
PALLAS.	PLUTO.
JUNO.	JUPITER.
VENUS.	APOLLO.
RHANIS.	SATURN.
PARIS.	MARS.
OENONE.	DIANA.
HELEN.	CLOTHO.
COLIN.	LACHESIS.
HOBINOL.	ATROPOS.

Knights, Cupids, Cyclops, Nymphs, a Churl.



*The Araynement of Paris*  
A PASTORALL.

Presented before the Queenes  
Maiestie, by the Children  
of her Chappell.



# THE ARAIGNEMENT OF PARIS.

## Ate Prologus.



Ondennded soule Ate, from lowest hell,  
 And deadlie riuers of the infernall loue,  
 Where bloudles ghostes in paines of endles date  
 Fill ruthles eares with neuer ceasing cries,  
 Beholde I come in place, and bring beside  
 The bane of *Troie*: beholde the fatall frute  
 Raught from the golden tree of *Proserpine*.  
 Proude *Troy* must fall, so bidde the gods aboute,

And statelie *Iliums* loftie towers be racer  
 By conquering handes of the victorious foe:  
 King *Priams* pallace waste with flaming fire,  
 Whose thicke and foggie smoake peircing the skie,  
 Must serue for messenger of sacrifice  
 T'appeaze the anger of the angrie heauens.  
 And *Priams* younger sonne, the sheepeherde swaine,  
*Paris* th'unhappie organ of the *Greekes*.  
 So loath and weerie of her heauie load  
 The *Earth* complaynes vnto the hellish prince,  
 Surcharged with the burden that she will sustaine.  
 Th'unpartiall daughters of Necessitie  
 Bin aydes in her sute: and so the twine  
 That holdes olde *Priams* house, the threede of *Troie*  
 Dame *Atrops* with knife in sunder cuttes.  
 Done be the pleasure of the powers aboute,  
 Whose hestes men must obey: and I my parte  
 Performe in *Ida vales*: Lordinges adieu,  
 Imposing silence for your taske, I ende,  
 Till iust assemblie of the goddesces  
 Make me beginne the Tragedie of *Troie*.


*Exit Ate cum auro pomis.*

# The Araynement

## ACT. I. SCENA I.

*Pan, Faunus, and Siluanus with their attendants enter to giue welcome to the goddesses: Pans sheepeherd hath a lambe, Faunus hunter hath a faune, Siluanus woodman with an oken bowe laden with acornes.*

*Pan incipit.*

*Pan.*  *ILVANVS*, either *Flora* doth vs wronge,  
Or *Faunus* made vs tarrie all to longe,  
For by this morning mirth it shoulde appeere,  
The *Muses* or the goddesses be neere.  
*Faun.* My faune was nimble, *Pan*, and whipt apace,  
Twas happie that we caught him vp at last,

The farrest fairest fawne in all the chace,  
I wonder how the knaue could skip so fast.

*Pan.* And I haue brought a twagger for the nonce,  
A bunting lambe: nay, pray you feele no bones.  
Beleeue me now, my cunning much I misse,  
It euer *Pan* felt fatter lambe then this.

*Sil.* Sirs, you may boast your flockes & herdes that bin both fresh & faire,  
Yet hath *Siluanus* walkes ywis that stand in holosome ayre:  
And loe the honor of the woodes, the gallant Oken-bowe,  
Do I bestowe laden with Acornes & with mast enough. (herdes & al,

*Pan.* Peace man for shame, shalt haue both lambes & dames & flockes and  
And all my pipes to make the glee, we meete not now to brawle.

*Faun.* There is no such matter, *Pan*, we are all friendes assembled hether,  
To bid Queene *Iuno* and her pheeres most humble welcome hether.  
Diana with esse of our woodes, her presence will not want,  
Her curtesie to all her friendes we wot is nothing skant.

## ACT. I. SCENA II.

*Pomona enter-eth with her fruite. Manentibus Pan cum reliquis.*

*Pom.* Yee *Pan*, no farther yet, & had the starte of me,  
Why then *Pomona* with her fruite comestime enough I see:  
Come on a while, with countrie store like friendes we venter forth,  
Thinkest *Faunus* that these gouldesses will take our giftes in woorth.

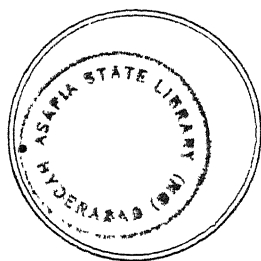
*Faun.* Yea doubtles, for shall tell thee dame, twere better giue a thing,  
A signe of loue, vnto a mightie person, or a king:

Then



*The Araynement of Paris*  
A PASTORALL.

Presented before the Queenes  
Maiestie, by the Children  
of her Chappell.

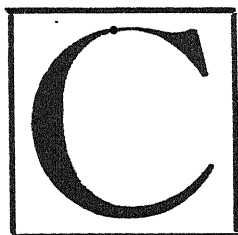


Imprinted at London by  
Henrie Marfh.  
ANNO. 1584.



# THE ARAIGNEMENT OF PARIS.

## Ate Prologus.



Ondemned foule Ate, from lowest hell,  
And deadlie riuers of the infernall Ioue,  
Where bloudles ghostes in paines of endles date  
Fill ruthles eares with neuer ceasing cries,  
Beholde I come in place, and bring beside  
The bane of *Troie*: beholde the fatall frute  
Raught from the golden tree of *Proserpine*.  
Proude *Troy* must fall, so bidde the gods aboue,

And statelie *Iliums* loftie towers be racet  
By conquering handes of the victorious foe:  
King *Priams* pallace waste with flaming fire,  
Whose thicke and foggie smoake peircing the skie,  
Must serue for messenger of sacrifice  
T'appeaze the anger of the angrie heauens,  
And *Priams* younger sonne, the sheepeherde fwaine,  
*Paris* th'unhappie organ of the *Greekes*.  
So loath and weerie of her heauie load  
The *Earth* complaynes vnto the hellish prince,  
Surcharged with the burden that she nill sustaine.  
Th'unpartiall daughters of Necessitie  
Bin aydes in her fute: and so the twine  
That holdes olde *Priams* house, the threede of *Troie*  
Dame *Atrops* with knife in sunder cuttes.  
Done be the pleasure of the powers aboue,  
Whose hestes men must obey: and I my parte  
Performe in *Ida vales*: Lordinges adieu,  
Imposing silence for your taske, I ende,  
Till iust assemblie of the goddesses  
Make me beginne the Tragedie of *Troie*.

10

20

30

*Exit Ate cum aureo pomo.*

Aij.

# The Araynement

## ACT. I. SCENA I.

Act I  
sc. i

Pan, Faunus, and Siluanus with their attendants enter to giue welcome to the goddeffes: Pansheepeherd hath a lambe, Faunus hunter hath a faune, Siluanus woodman with an oken bowe laden with acornes.

*Pan incipit.*

- Pan.* S *ILVANVS*, either *Flora* doth vs wronge,  
Or *Faunus* made vs tarrie all to longe,  
For by this morning mirth it shoulde appeere,  
The *Muses* or the goddeffes be neere. 40
- Faun.* My faune was nimble, *Pan*, and whipt apace,  
Twas happie that we caught him vp at last,  
The fattest fairest fawne in all the chace,  
I wonder how the knaue could skip so fast.
- Pan.* And I haue brought a twagger for the nonce,  
A bunting lambe: nay, pray you feele no bones.  
Beleeue me now, my cunning much I misse,  
If euer *Pan* felt fatter lambe then this.
- Sil.* Sirs, you may boast your flockes & herdes that bin both fresh & faire,  
Yet hath *Siluanus* walkes ywis that stand in holsome ayre: 50  
And loe the honor of the woodes, the gallant Oken-bowe,  
Do I bestowe laden with Acornes & with maft enough. (herdes & al,
- Pan.* Peace man for shame, shalt haue both lambes & dames & flockes and  
And all my pipes to make the glee, we meete not now to brawle.
- Faun.* Theres no such matter, *Pan*, we are all friendes affembled hether,  
To bid Queene *Iuno* and her pheeres most humblie welcome hether.  
*Diana* mistresse of our woodes, her preface will not want,  
Her curtesie to all her friendes we wot is nothing skant.

## ACT. I. SCENA II.

*Pomona entereth with her fruite. Manentibus Pan cum reliquis.* 60

- Pom.* Yee *Pan*, no farther yet, & had the starte of me,  
Why then *Pomona* with her fruite comes time enough I see:  
Come on a while, with countrie store like friendes we venter forth,  
Thinkest Faunus that these goddeffes will take our giftes in woorth.
- Faun.* Yea doubtles, for shall tell thee dame, twere better giue a thing,  
A signe of loue, vnto a mightie person, or a king:

Then



## of Paris.

Then, to a rude and barbarous fwayne but bad and baselie borne,  
 For gentlie takes the gentleman that oft the clowne will fcorne.  
*Pan.* Saist trulie *Faunus*, I my selfe haue giuen good tidie lambes,  
 To *Mercurie* may saie to thee, to *Phæbus* and to *Ioue*: 70  
 When to a countrie mops forsooth, chaue offred all their dames,  
 And pypt and prayed for little worth and raunged about the groue.  
*Pom.* God *Pan* that makes your flocke so thin, & makes you looke so leane,  
 To kisse in corners. *Pan.* wel-fed wēch some other thing you meane.  
*Pom.* Yea iest it out till it goe alone, but maruell where we myffe  
 Faire *Flora* all this merrie morne. *Faun.* some newes, see where she is.

### ACT. I. SCENA. III.

*Flora entereth to the countrie gods.*

*Pan.* *Flora* well met, and for thy taken payne,  
 Poore countrie gods thy debtors we remaine. 80  
*Flor.* Beleeue me, *Pan*, not all thy lambes and yoes,  
 Nor, *Faunus*, all thy lustie buckes and does,  
 (But that I am instructed well to knowe,  
 What seruice to the hills and dales I owe,)  
 Could haue enforcet me to so straunge a toyle,  
 Thus to enrich this gaudie gallant foyle.  
*Faun.* But tell me wench hast don't so trick in deede,  
 That heauen it selfe may wonder at the deede.  
*Flor.* Not *Iris* in her pride and brauerie,  
 Adornes her arche with fuch varietie: 90  
 Nor doth the milke white way in frostie night,  
 Appeare so faire and beautifull in sight:  
 As done these fieldes, and groues, and sweetest bowres,  
 Bestrewed and deckt with partie collord flowers.  
 Alonge the bubling brookes & siluer glyde,  
 That at the bottome doth in fylence flyde,  
 The waterie flowers and lillies on the bankes,  
 Like blazing cometes burgen all in rankes:  
 Vnder the *Hathorne* and the *Poplar* tree,  
 Where sacred *Phæbe* may delight to be: 100  
 The *Primeroſe* and the purple *Hyacinthe*,  
 The dayntie *Violet* and the holsome *Minthe*:

# The Araynement

The dooble *Daisie*, and the *Couflip* queene  
Of sommer floures, do ouer peere the greene:  
And rounde about the valley as ye passe,  
Yee may ne see for peeping flowers the graffe:  
That well the mightie *Iuno* and the rest,  
May boldlie thinke to be a welcome guest  
On *Ida* hills, when to approue the thing,  
The queene of flowers prepares a second spring.

110

*Sil.* Thou gentle Nympe, what thanks shall we repaie  
To thee, that makest our fieldes and woodes so gaie?

*Flo.* *Siluanus*, when it is thy hap to see,  
My workmanship, in portraying all the three,  
First stately *Iuno* with her porte and grace,  
Her roobes, her lawnes, her crounet and her mace:  
Would make thee muse this picture to beholde,  
Of yellow Oxstips bright as burnisht golde.

*Pom.* A rare deuice, and *Flora*, well perdie,  
Did painte her yellow for her iellozie.

120

*Flo.* *Pallas* in flowers of hue and collowers red,  
Her plumes, her helme, her launce, her *Gorgons* head,  
Her trayling tresses that hang flaring rounde,  
Of *Iulie-flowers* so grafted in the grounde,  
That trust me Sirs, who did the cunning see,  
Would at a blush suppose it to be shee.

*Pan.* Good *Flora*, by my flocke twere verie good,  
To dight her all in red resembling blood.

*Flo.* Faire *Venus* of sweete Violets in blue.

130

With other flowers infixt for chaunge of hue,  
Her plumes, her pendants, bracelets and her ringes,  
Her dayntie fan and twentie other thinges:  
Her lustie mantle wauing in the winde,  
And euerie part in collar and in kinde:  
And for her wreath of rofes she nil dare,  
With *Floras* cunning counterfet compare.  
So that what lyuing whight shall chaunce to see,  
These goddeffes, eche placed in her degree,  
Portrayed by *Floraes* workemanshipe alone,  
Must say that Arte and nature met in one.

140

A dain-

## of Paris.

- Sil.* A deitie draught to lay her downe in blue,  
The collour commonlie betokening true.
- Flo.* This peece of worke compact with many a flowre,  
And well layde in at entraunce of the bowre,  
Where *Phæbe* meanes to make this meeting royall,  
Haue I prepared to welcome them withall.
- Pam.* And are they yet dismounted, *Flora*, saie:  
That we may wende to meete them one the way.
- Flo.* That shall not neede: they are at hand by this,  
And the conductor of the trayne hight *Rhanis*. 150  
*Iuno* hath left her chariot longe agoe,  
And hath returned her Peacocks by her rainebowe.  
And brauelie as becommes the wife of *Ioue*,  
Doth honour by her prefence to our groue.  
Faire *Venus* shee hath let her sparrowes flie,  
To tende on her and make her melodie:  
Her turtles and her swannes vnyoked bee,  
And flicker neere her side for companie.  
*Pallas* hath set her Tygers loose to feede,  
Commaunding them to waite when shee hath neede. 160  
And Hitherward with proude and statelie pace,  
To doe vs honor in the Siluan chace  
They marche, like to the pompe of heauen aboue,  
*Iuno* the wife and sister of king *Ioue*,  
The warlicke *Pallas*, and the Queene of loue.
- Pan.* Pipe *Pan* for ioy and let thy sheepeherdes sing,  
Shall neuer age forget this memorable thing.
- Flo.* *Clio* the sagest of the sisters nine,  
To do obseruaunce to this dame deuine,  
Ladie of learning and of chyualrie, 170  
Is here aryued in faire assemblée,  
And wandring vp and downe th'unbeaten wayes,  
Ringe through the wood sweete songes of *Pallas* prayse.
- Pom.* Harke *Flora*, *Faunus*, here is melodie,  
A charme of birdes and more then ordinarie.
- An artificiall charme of birdes being harde within, Pan speakes.*
- Pan.* The fillie birdes make mirth, then shoulde we doe them wronge,  
*Pomona*, if we nil bestowe an *Eccho* to their songe.

# The Araygnement

*An Eccho to their song.*

*The songe. A quier within and without.*

180

*Gods.* O *Ida*, o *Ida*, o *Ida* happie hill,  
This honour done to *Ida* may it continue still.

*Mus.* Yee countrie gods, that in this *Ida* wonne,  
Bring downe your giftes of welcome:  
For honor done to *Ida*.

*Gods.* Beholde in signe of ioye we sing,  
And signes of ioyfull wel-come bring.  
For honor done to *Ida*.

*Mus.* The *Muses* giue you melodie to gratulate this chaunce,  
And *Phœbe* cheife of filuan chace commaundes you all to daunce. 190

*Gods.* The roude in a circle our sportance must must be,  
*dañce.* Holde handes in a hornepype all gallant in glee.

*Mus.* Reuerence, reuerence, most humble reuerence.

*Gods.* Most humble reuerence.

## ACT. I. SCENA. IIII.

*Pallas, Iuno, and Venus enter, Rhænis leading the way, Pan alone sings.*

*The songe.*

*The God of sheepebeardes and his mates,  
With countrie chere salutes your states:  
Faire, wise, and worthie as you bee,  
And thanke the gracious Ladies three,  
For honour done to Ida. The birdes singe.*

200

*The songe being done, Iuno speakes.*

*Iuno.* Venus, what shall I saie, for though I be a dame deuine,  
This welcome and this melodie exceedes these wittes of mine.

*Ven.* Beleeue me, *Iuno*, as I hight thee foueraigne of Loue,  
These rare delights in pleasures passe the banquets of king *Ioue*.

*Pall.* Then, *Venus*, I conclude, it easie may be seene,  
That in her chaste and pleasaunt walkes fayre *Phœbe* is a Queene.

*Rha.* Diuine *Pallas*, and you sacred dames, 210  
*Iuno* and *Venus*, honoured by your names:  
*Iuno*, the wife and sister of kinge *Ioue*,  
Faire *Venus*, Ladie president of loue:

If

## of Paris.

If any entertaynment in this place,  
That can afford but homely, rude and base,  
It please your godheads to accept in gree,  
That gracious thought our happinesse shalbe.  
My mistresse *Dian*, this right well I know,  
For loue that to this presence shee doth owe,  
Accountes more honoure done to her this day,  
Then euer whilom in these woods of *Ida*.  
And for our countrey gods, I dare bee bolde,  
They make such cheere, your presence to beholde,  
Such iouysaunce, such myrth and merrymment,  
As nothing els their minde might more content :  
And that you doe beleue it to bee so,  
Fayre goddeffes, your louely lookes doe showe.  
It rests in fine, for to confirme my talke,  
Yee dayne to passe alonge to *Dians* walke :  
Where shee amonge her troupe of maydes attends  
The fayre aryuall of her vvelcome friends.

220

230

*Flora*. And vvee vwill vwayte vvith all obseruance due,  
And doe iust honour to this heavenly crue.

*Pan*. The god of sheeheardes, *Iuno*, ere thou goe,  
Intends a lambe on thee for to bestovve.

*Faun*. *Faunus*, high raunger in *Dianas* chace,  
Presents a favne to lady *Venus* grace.

*Sylu*. *Sylvanus* giues to *Pallas* deitye,  
This gallant bove raught from the Oken tree.

*Pom*. To them that doth this honour to our fieldes,  
Her mellovve apples poore *Pomona* yeildes.

*Iuno*. And gentle gods, these signes of your goodvill  
Wee take in vvorth, and shall accept them still.

*Ven*. And *Flora*, this to thee amonge the rest,  
Thy vvorkmanship compareinge vvith the best,  
Let it suffice thy cunninge to haue,  
To call kinge *Ioue* from forth his heavenly boovre :  
Hadst thou a louer, *Flora*, credit mee,  
I thinke thou vvouldst beedecke him gallantly.  
But vvende vve on, and, *Rhanis*, leade the vway,  
That kens the paynted pathes of pleafunt *Ida*.

240

250

*Exeunt omnes.*

B.

*ACT.*

# The Araynement

ACT. I SCENA V. & ultima.

Act I  
sc. ii

*Paris and Oenone.*

*Par.* *Oenone*, while we bin disposed to walke,  
Tell me what shall be subiect of our talke:  
Thou hast a forte of pretie tales in stoore,  
Dare saye no Nymphe in *Ida* woods hath more:  
Againe, beside thy sweete alluring face,  
In telling them thou hast a speciall grace.  
Then preethee sweete, afforde some pretie thing,  
Some toie that from thy pleasaunt witte doth springe.

269

*Oen.* *Paris*, my hartes contentment, and my choice,  
Use thou thy pype, and I will use my voyce,  
So shall thy iust request not be denyed.  
And time well spent and both be satisfied.

*Par.* Well gentle Nymphe although thou do me wrong,  
That can ne tune my pype vnto a songe,  
Me list this once, *Oenone*, for thy sake,  
This idle taske on me to vndertake.

270

*They sit vnder a tree together.*

*Oen.* And whereon then shall be my *Roundelay*:  
For thou hast harde my stoore long since, dare say,

*Fabu-* How *Saturne* did deuide his kingdome tho,

*la.* 1. To *Ioue*, to *Neptune*, and to *Dis* below.

2 How mightie men made foule succesles warre,  
Against the gods and state of *Iupiter*:

3 How *Phorcias* ympe that was so tricke and fayre,  
Thattangled *Neptune* in her golden haire,  
Became a *Gorgon* for her lewde misdeede,

280

A pretie fable *Paris* for to reade,  
A peece of cunnig trust me for the nonce,  
That wealth and beautie alter men to stoones.

4 Howe *Salmacis* resembling ydlenes,  
Turnes men to women all through wantonnes.

5 How *Pluto* raught Queene *Ceres* daughter thence,  
And what did followe of that loue offence.

Of

## of Paris.

- 6 Of *Daphne* turned into the laurell tree,  
That shewes a myrror of virginite.  
7 How faire *Narcissus* tooting on his shade, 290  
Reproues disdayne, and tells how forme doth vade.  
8 How cunning *Philomelaes* needle tells,  
What force in loue, what wit in sorrow dwelles.  
9 What paynes vnhappy foules abyde in hell,  
They say becaufe on earth they liued not well.  
10 *Ixions* wheele, proude *Tantals* pyning woe.  
11 *Prometheus* torment, and a many moe.  
12 How *Danaus* daughters plie their endles taske.  
13 What toyle the toyle of *Sisyphus* doth aske.  
All these are olde and knowne I knowe, yet if thou wilt haue anie, 300  
Chuse some of these, for trust me else *Oenone* hath not manie.  
*Par.* Nay what thou wilt: but sith my cunning not compares with thine,  
Beginne some Toy, that I can play vpon this pipe of mine.  
*Oen.* There is a pretie sonnet then, we call it *Cupids* curse: (worfe.  
They that do chaunge olde loue for new, pray gods they chaunge for  
The note is fine and quicke withall, the dittie will agree,  
*Paris*, With that same vowe of thine vpon our Poplar tree.  
*Par.* No better thing, beginne it then, *Oenone* thou shalt see  
Our musicke, figure of the loue that growes twixt thee and me.

*They sing: and while Oenone singeth, he pypeth.*

310

*Incipit Oenone. Faire and fayre and twise so faire,  
As fayre as any may be:*

*Oenone. The fayrest sheepeherd on our grene,  
A loue for anie Ladie.*

*Paris. Faire and faire and twise so fayre,  
As fayre as anie may bee:  
Thy loue is fayre for thee alone,  
And for no other Ladie.*

*Oenone. My loue is faire, my loue is gaie,  
As fresh as bine the flowers in May,  
B ij*

320

*And*

# The Araygnement

*And of my loue my roundylaye,  
My merrie merrie merrie roundelaie  
Concludes with Cupids curse:  
They that do chaunge olde loue for newe,  
Pray Gods they chaunge for worse.*

Ambo simul.

*They that do chaunge, &c.*

Oenone.

*Faire and faire, &c.*

Paris.

*Faire and faire, &c. Thy loue is faire &c.*

Oenone.

*My loue can pype, my loue can sing,*

*My loue can manie a pretie thing,*

330

*And of his louelie prayses ring*

*My merry merry roundelays: Amen to Cupids curse:*

*They that do chaunge, &c.*

Paris.

*They that do chaunge, &c.*

Ambo.

*Faire and fayre, &c.*

*Finis Camænæ.*

*The songe being ended they rise, and Oenone speaks.*

*Oen.* Swete sheepeherd, for *Oenones* sake be cunning in this songe,  
And kepe thy loue, and loue thy choice, or else thou doest her wrong.

*Par.* My vowe is made and witnesed, the *Poplar* will not starte,  
Nor shall the nymphe *Oenones* loue from forth my breathing hart. 340  
I will goe bring the one thy way, my flocke are here behinde,  
And I will haue a louers fee: they faie, vnkist, vnkinde.

*Exeunt ambo.*

## ACT. II. SCENA I.

Act II

*Venus, Iuno, Pallas.*

sc. i

*Ven. ex* But pray you tell me, *Iuno*, was it so,  
*abrupto.* As *Pallas* tolde me here the tale of *Eccho*.

*Iun.* Shee was a nympe indeede, as *Pallas* tels,  
A walker, such as in these thickets dwells:  
And as shee tolde what subtill iugling pranks  
Shee playde with *Iuno*, so she tolde her thanks: 350  
A tatling trull to come at euerie call,  
And now foresooth nor tongue nor life at all.

And



## of Paris.

And though perhaps shee was a helpe to *Ioue*,  
 And held me chat, while he might court his loue :  
 Beleue me, dames, I am of this opinion,  
 He tooke but little pleasure in the minion.  
 And what so ere his scapes haue bene beside,  
 Dare saie for him a neuer strayed so wyde :  
 Alouely nutbrowne lasse, or lustie trull,

360

Have power perhaps to make a god a bull.

*Ven.* Gramercie gentle *Iuno* for that iest,  
 Ifaith that item was worth all the rest.

*Pal.* No matter, *Venus*, how so ere you skorne,  
 My father *Ioue* at that time ware the horne.

*Iun.* Had euerie wanton god aboue, *Venus*, not better lucke,  
 Then heauen would be a pleasaunt parcke, & *Mars* a lustie bucke.

*Ven.* Tut *Mars* hath hornes to butte withall although no bull a shoves,  
 A neuer needes to maske in nets, a feares no iellous froes.

*Iun.* Forsooth the better is his turne, for if a speake to loude,  
 Must finde some shifte to shadowe him, a net, or else a cloude.

370

*Pal.* No more of this, fayre goddeffes, vnrip not so your flames,  
 To stand all naked to the world, that bene such heavenly dames.

*Iun.* Nay, *Pallas*, that's a common tricke with *Venus* well we knowe,  
 And all the Gods in heauen haue seene her naked, long agoe.

*Ven.* And then she was so faire and bright, and louelie and so trim,  
 As *Mars* is but for *Venus* tooth, and shee will sporte with him.  
 And but me list not here to make comparifon with *Ioue*,  
*Mars* is no raunger, *Iuno*, he in euerie open groue.

*Pal.* To much of this: we wander farre, the skies begine to skowle,  
 Retire we to *Dianas* bowre, the weather will be foule.

380

*The storme being past of thunder & lightning, & Ate hauing trüddled the  
 ball into place, crying Fatum Troie, Iuno taketh the bal vp & speaketh.*

*Iun.* *Pallas*, the storme is past and gon, and *Phæbus* cleares the skies,  
 And loe, beholde a ball of golde, a faire and worthie prize.

*Ven.* This posie wils, the apple to the fayrest giuen be,  
 Then is it mine: for *Venus* hight the fayrest of the three.

*Pal.* The fayrest here as fayre is ment, am I, ye do me wronge:  
 And if the fayrest haue it must, to me it doth belong.

*Iun.* Then *Iuno* may it not enioy, so euery one faves no,  
 But I will proue my selfe the fayrest, er I lose it so.

390

# The Araygnment

The breyfe is this, *Detur Pulcherrimæ.*

Let this vnto the fayrest giuen bee,  
The fayrest of the three, and I am shee.

*Detur Pulcherrimæ.* Let this vnto the fayrest giuen be, *Pallas*  
The fayrest of the three, and I am shee. *reades.*

*Detur Pulcherrimæ.* Let this vnto the fayrest giuen bee *Venus*  
The fayrest of the thre, and I am shee. *reades.*

*Iun.* My face is fayre, but yet the maistye  
That all the gods in heauen haue seene in me,  
Haue made them chuse me of the *Planetes seauen*,  
To bee the wyfe of *Ioue*, and Queene of heauen.  
Yf then this prize be but bequeathed to beautye,  
The only shee that wins this prize, am I.

*Ven.* That *Venus* is the fayrest, this dothe proue,  
That *Venus* is the louely Queen of loue.  
The name of *Venus* is in deede but bautye,  
And men me fayrest call, per excellencye.  
Yf then this prize be but bequeathed to beautye,  
The only shee that wins this prize, am I.

*Pall.* To stand on tearmes of beautye as yow take it,  
Beeleue me, Ladies, is but to mystake it:  
The beautye that this subtyll prize must vvin,  
No outwarde beautye highte, but dwels vwithin.  
And syfte it as yow please, and yow shall finde,  
This beautye, is the beautye of the minde.  
This fayrenes, Vertue highte, in generall,  
That many braunches hathe in speciall:  
This beauty vwyfdom hight, vwhereof am I,  
By heauen appointed, goddesse vworthelye,  
And looke howe muche the minde, the better parte,  
Doth ouerpasse the bodye in deserte:  
So much the mistris of those guyfts deuine,  
Excells thy beautie, and that state of thine.  
Then yf this prize bee thus bequeathed to beautye,  
The only shee that vwins this prize, am I.

*Ven.* Nay, *Pallas*, by your leaue, yow vvander cleane,  
Wee must not conster heereof as yow meane:  
But take the sence as it is plainly ment,

•• They reade  
the posie.

400

410

420

and

## of Paris.

And let the fayrest hate, I am content.

*Pal.* Our reasons wilbe infinite, I trowe,  
Vnles vnto some other point we grow.  
For first heres none mee thinkes disposed to yeelde,  
And none but will with wordes maintaine the fielde.

*Iun.* Then if you will to auoyde a tedious grudge,  
Refer it to the sentence of a iudge,

Who ere he be that commeth next in place,  
Let him bestowe the ball, and ende the case.

*Ven.* So can it not go wronge with me not at al.

*Pal.* I am agreed how euer it befall.

And yet by common doome, so may it bee,  
I may be sayde the fayrest of the three.

*Iun.* Then yonder loe that sheepeherde swaine is he,  
That must be vmpier in this controuersie.

### ACT. II. SCENA II.

*Paris alone. Manentibus Pal. Iunone, Venere.*

*Ven.* *Iuno*, in happie time, I do accept the man,  
It seemeth by his lookes, some skill of loue he can.

*Par.* The nymphe is gone, and I all solitarie,  
Must wend to tend my charge, opprest with melancholy.  
This day (or else me fayles my sheepeherdes skill)  
Will tide me pasing good, or pasing ill.

*Iun.* Sheepeherd, abash not, though, at sudden thus,  
Thou be aryued by ignorance among vs,  
Not earthlie but deuine, and goddessees all three,  
*Iuno, Pallas, Venus*, these our titles be.

Nor feare to speake, for reuerence of the place,  
Chosen to ende a harde and doubtfull case.

This apple loe (nor aske thou whence it came)  
Is to be giuen vnto the fayrest dame.

And fayrest is, nor shee, nor shee, but shee,  
Whom, sheepeherd, thou shalt fayrest name to be.  
This is thy charge, fulfill without offence,  
And shee that winnes shall giue thee recompence.

*Pal.* Dreade not to speake for we haue chosen thee,  
Sith in this case, we can no iudges be.

*Ven.* And, sheepeherd, say that I the fayrest ame,  
And thou shalt win good guerdon for the fame.

430

440

450

460

*Iun.*

# The Araygnment

*Iun.* Nay, shepherde, looke vppon my stately grace,  
 Because the pompe that longs to *Iuno*s mace, 470  
 They mayst not see: and thincke Queene *Iuno*s name,  
 To vvhome olde shepherds title vworkes of fame,  
 Is mightye, and may easily suffize,  
 At Phebus hande to gaine a golden prize.  
 And for thy meede, sythe I ame Queene of riches,  
 Shepherde, I vill revvarde thee vvith greate monarchies,  
 Empires, and kingdomes, heapes of maffye golde,  
 Scepters and diadems, curious to beholde,  
 Riche robes, of sumpteous vworkmanship and cost,  
 And thovvland thinges vvhereof I make no boast 480  
 The moulde vvhereon thovv treadest shall be of *Tagus* sandes,  
 And *Xanthus* shall runne liquid golde for the to vvashe thy handes:  
 And yf thou lyke to tend thy flock, and not from them to flie,  
 Their fleeces shalbe curled gold to please their masters eye.  
 And last, to sett thy harte one fire, gyue this one fruite to me,  
 And, shepherd, lo this Tree of Golde vvill I bestovve on thee.

## I V N O E S S H O W E.

*Heereuppon did rise a Tree of gold laden with Diadems & Crownes of golde.*

The grovnde vvhereon it groes, the grasse, the roote of golde,  
 The body and the bark of golde, all gliftringe to beholde, 490  
 The leaves of burnysht golde, the frutes that thereon grove  
 Are diadems sett vvith pearle in golde in gorgeous gliftringe shovve:  
 And yf this Tree of Golde, in lue may not suffize,  
 Require a grove of golden trees, so *Iuno* beare the prize.

*The Tree sinketh.*

*Pall.* Me lyst not tempt thee vvith decayinge vvealthe,  
 Which is embasēt by vwant of lusty healthe:  
 But yf thou haue a minde to fly aboue,  
 Ycrowned vvith fame neere to the seate of *Ioue*:  
 Yf thou aspire to vvysdomes vvorthines, 500  
 Whereof thovv mayst not see the brightnes  
 Yf thou desyre honor of chyualrye,  
 To bee renouned for happy victorie,  
 To fighte it out, and in the champaine feilde,  
 To shrovvde thee vnder pallas vvarlike sheilde,  
 To prounce on barbed steedes, this honor loe,

## of Paris.

My selfe for guerdon shall on thee bestowe.  
And for encouragement, that thou mayst see,  
What famous knightes dame *Pallas* warriors be,  
Beholde in *Pallas* honour here they come,  
Marching alonge with founde of thundring drom.

510

### PALLAS SHOW.

*Hereuppon did enter. 9. knights in armour, treading a warlike Almaine,  
by drome and fife, & then hauing march't foorth againe, Venus speaketh.*

*Ven.* Come sheepeherde, come, sweete sheepeherde looke on me,  
These bene to hoat alarums these for thee:  
But if thou wilt giue mee the golden ball,  
*Cupide* my boy shall hate to playe withall,  
That when so ere this apple he shall see,  
The god of loue himselfe shall thinke on the,  
And bid thee looke and chuse, and he will wounde,  
Wherefo thy fancyes object shalbe founde,  
And lightlie when he shootes he doth not misse:  
And I will giue the many a louelie kyffe,  
And come and play with thee on *Ida* here,  
And if thou wilt a face that hath no peere,  
A gallant girle, a lustie minion trull,  
That can giue sporte to thee thy bellyfull,  
To rauish all thy beating vaines with ioye,  
Here is a lasse of *Venus* court, my boy,

520

*Helen entreth with 4. Cupides.*

530

Here gentle sheepeherde, heres for thee a peece,  
The fayrest face, the flower of gallant *Greece*.

### VENVS SHOW.

*Here Helen entreth in her brauerie, with 4. Cupides attending on her, each  
hauing his fan in his hande to fan fresh ayre in her face. Shee singeth as followeth.*

*SI Diana nel cielo è vna stella  
Chiara, è lucente piena di splendore  
Che porge luc' all' affanato cuore:  
Si Diana, nel ferno è vna dea,  
Che da conforto all' anime dannate,  
Che per amor son morte desperate:*

540

C

Si

# The Araygnement

*Si Diana ch' in terra è delle nimphe  
Reina, imperatiue di dolce fiori  
Tra bosch'e Selue da morte a pastori.  
Io son vn Diana dolce e rara  
Chle con Le guardi Io posso far guerra  
A Dian' infern'in cielo, et in terra. Exit.*

*The song being ended Helen departeth, & Paris Speaketh*

*Par.* Most heavenly dames, was never man as I  
Poore shepherd swaine, so happy and vnhappy:  
The least of these delights, that you deuysed,  
Able to wrape and dazle humane eyes.  
But since my silence may not pardoned bee,  
And I appoint which is the fayrest thee,  
Pardon, most sacred dames, sythe one not all,  
By *Paris* doome must haue this golden ball.  
Thy beautye, stately *Iuno*, dame deuine,  
That lyke to *Phæbus* golden beames doth shine,  
Approoues it selfe to bee most excellent,  
But that fayre face that dothe me most content,  
Sythe fayre, faire dames, is neyther thee nor shee,  
But shee whome I shall fairest deeme to bee.  
That face is hers that hight the Queene of Loue,  
whose sweetenes dothe bothe gods and creatours moue.

550

560

*He giueth the golden Ball to venus.*

And if the fayrest face deserue the ball,  
Fayre *Venus*, Ladyes, beares it from yee all.  
*Ven.* And in this ball dothe *Venus* more delight,  
Then in her louely boy faire *Cupids* fight.  
Come shepherd comme, sweete *Venus* is thy frend,  
No matter how thou other gods offend.

570

*Venus taketh paris with her.*

*Exeunt.*

*Iun.* But he shall rue, and ban the dismal day  
wherein his *Venus* bare the ball away:  
And heauen and earth iust wittnesse shall bee,  
I will reuenge it on his progenye.

*Pal.* well *Iuno*, whether wee bee leysed or lothe,  
*Venus* hath got the apple from vs bothe.

*Exeunt Ambo Act. 580*

## of Paris.

### ACT. III. SCENA. I.

Act III  
sc. i

*Colin then a mored sheepeherd singeth his passion of loue.*

The songe.

*O gentle loue, vngentle for thy deede,  
Thou makest my harte  
A bloodie marke  
VVith pearcyng shot to bleede.  
Shoote softe sweete loue, for feare thou shoote amyffe,  
For feare too keene  
Thy arrowes beene,  
And hit the harte, where my beloued is.  
To faire that fortune were, nor neuer I  
Shalbe so blest  
Among the rest  
That loue shall ceaze on her by simpathye.  
Then since with loue my prayers beare no boot,  
This doth remayne  
To cease my payne,  
I take the wounde, and dye at Venus foote.*

590

Exit Colin.

600

### ACT. III. SCENA. II.

*Hobinol, Digon, Thenot.*

- Hob.* Poore *Colin* wofull man, thy life forespoke by loue,  
What vncouth fit, what maladie is this, that thou dost proue.  
*Dig.* Or loue is voide of phisicke cleane, or loues our common wracke,  
That giues vs bane to bring vs lowe, and let vs medicine lacke.  
*Hob.* That euer loue had reuerence 'mong fillie sheepeheed swaines,  
Belike that humor hurtes thẽ most that most might be their paines.  
*The.* *Hobin*, it is some other god that cheerisheth her sheepe,  
For sure this loue doth nothing else but make our herdmen weepe. 610  
*Dig.* And what a hap is this I praye, when all our woods reioyce,  
For *Colin* thus to be denyed his yong and louely choice.  
*The.* She hight in deede so fresh and faire that well it is for thee,

C ij

*Colin*

# The Araygnement

- Colin* and kinde hath bene thy friende, that *Cupid* could not see.  
*Hob.* And whether wendes yon thriueles fwaine, like to the striken deere,  
Seekes he *Dictamum* for his wounde within our forrest here. (wonne,  
*Dig.* He wendes to greeete the Queene of loue, that in these woods doth  
With mirthles layes to make complaint to *Venus* of her sonne.  
*The.* A *Colin* thou art all deceiued, shee dallies with the boy,  
And winckes at all his wanton pranks, and thinkes thy loue a toy. 620  
*Hob.* Then leaue him to his luckles loue, let him abide his fate,  
The fore is ranckled all to farre, our comforte coms to late.  
*Dig.* Though *Thestylis* the Scorpion be that breakes his sweete assault,  
Yet will *Rhamnusia* vengeance take, on her disdainefull fault.  
*The.* Lo yonder comes the louely Nymphe, that in these *Ida* vales,  
Playes with *Amintas* lustie boie, and coyces him in the dales.  
*Hob.* *Thenot*, me thinks her cheere is chaged, her mirthfull lookes are layd,  
She frolicks not: pray god the lad haue not beguide the mayde.

## ACT. III. SCENA. III.

*Oenone entreteth with a wreath of poplar on her heade. Manent Pastores.* 630

- Oen.* Beguilde, disdayned, and out of loue: liue longe thou *Poplar-tree*,  
And let thy letters growe in length, to witnes this with mee.  
A *Venus*, but for reuerence, vnto thy sacred name,  
To steale a fylly maydens loue, I might account it blame.  
And if the tales be true I heare, and blushe for to receite,  
Thou dost me wrong to leaue the playnes, and dally out of fight.  
Falsse *Paris*, this was not thy vow, when thou and I were one,  
To raung & chaung old loue for new: but now those dayes be gone.  
But I will finde the goddesse out, that shee thy vow may reade,  
And fill these woods with my lamentes, for thy vnhappy deede. 640  
*Hob.* So faire a face, so foule a thought to harbour in his breast, (rest.  
Thy hope consum'd, poore Nymphe, thy hap is worse then all the  
*Oen.* A sheepeherdes, you bin full of wiles, & whet your wits on bookes,  
And wrap poore maydes with pypes and sanges, and sweete alluring  
*Dig.* Mispeake not al, for his amisse, there bin that keepen flocks, (lookes.  
That neuer chose but once, nor yet beguiled loue with mockes.  
*Oen.* Falsse *Paris* he is none of those, his trothles doble deede,  
Will hurte a many sheepeherds else that might go nigh to speede.  
*The.* Poore *Colin*, that is ill for thee, that art as true in trust



## of Paris

To thy sweete smerte, as to his Nympe *Paris* hath bin vniust. 650  
*Oen.* A well is she hath *Colin* wonne, that nill no other loue:  
 And woo is me, my lucke is losse, my paynes no pytie mooue.  
*Hob.* Farewell faire Nympe, sith he must heale alone that gaue the wound.  
 There growes no herbe of such effect vpon dame natures ground.

*Exeunt Pastores.*

*Maquet Oenone. Mercu. entr. with Vulcans Cyclops.*

*Mer.* Here is a Nympe that sadlie fittes, and shee belike  
 Can tell some newes, *Pyracmon*, of the iolly fwaine we seeke.  
 Dare wage my winges the lasse doth loue, she lookes so bleak & thin,  
 And tis for anger or for grieve: but I will talke beginne. moue, 660  
*Oen.* Breake out poore harte, & make complaint the mountaine flocks to  
 What proude repulse & thanckles scorne thou hast receiued of loue.  
*Mer.* She singeth, fires, be husht awhile.

*Oenone singeth as shee fitts.*

### OENONES COMPLAINT.

*Melponie, the muse of tragicke songes,  
 With moornefull tunes in stole of dismall hue,  
 Afsist a fillie Nympe to wayle her woe,  
 And leaue thy lustie companie behinde.*

*Thou luckles wreath, becomes not me to weare  
 The Poplar tree for triumphe of my loue.  
 Then as my ioye my pride of loue is lefte,  
 Be thou vncloathed of thy louelie greene.* 670

*And in thy leaues my fortune written bee,  
 And them some gentle winde let blowe abroad,  
 That all the worlde may see how false of loue,  
 False Paris hath to his Oenone bene.*

*The songe ended, Oenone sitting still. Mercurie speaketh.*

*Mer.* Good-day fayre mayde, verie belike with following of your game,  
 I wish thee cunning at thy will, to spare or strike the same. 680  
*Oen.* I thanke you sir, my game is quick and rids a length of ground,  
 And yet I am deceaued or else a had a deadlie wounde.

*Mer.*

# The Araygnement

- Mer.* Your hand perhaps did swarue awarie. *Oen.* or else it was my harte.  
*Mer.* Then sure a plyed his fotemanfhip. *Oen.* a played a raunging parte.  
*Mer.* You ſhould haue giuen a deeper woſd. *Oen.* I could not that for pity.  
*Mer.* You ſhould haue eyd him better thẽ. *Oen.* blind loue was not ſo witty.  
*Mer.* why tell me, fweete, are you in loue. *Oen.* or would I were not ſo.  
*Mer.* Yee meane becauſe a does ye wrong. *Oen.* perdie the more my woe.  
*Mer.* Why meane ye loue, or him ye loued? *Oen.* wel may I meane thẽ both.  
*Mer.* Is loue to blame? *Oen.* the queene of loue hath made him falſe his troth. 690  
*Mer.* Meane ye indeede the queene of loue. *Oen.* euẽ wanton *Cupids* dame.  
*Mer.* Why was thy loue ſo louely then? *Oen.* his beautie hight his ſhame,  
The faireſt ſheepeherde one our greene. *Mer.* is he a ſheepeherd thã.  
*Oen.* And ſometime kept a bleating flock. *Mer.* enough, this is the man.  
*Mer.* Where woons he thã? *Oen.* about theſe woods: far from the *Poplar tree*.  
*Mer.* What *Poplar* meane ye? *Oen.* witnes of the vowes betwixt him & me.  
And come and wend a little way and you ſhall ſee his ſkill.  
*Mer.* Sirs tarrie you. *Oen.* nay let them goe. *Mer.* nay not vnles you will.  
Stay Nymphe, and harke what I ſay of him thou blameſt ſo,  
And credit me, I haue a ſad diſcourſe to tell thee ere I go. 700  
Know then, my pretie mops, that I hight *Mercurie*,  
The meſſenger of heauen, and hether flie  
To ceaſe vpon the man whon thou doſt loue,  
To ſummon him before my father *Ioue*,  
To anſwere matter of great conſequence,  
And *Ioue* himſelfe will not be longe from hence.  
*Oen.* Sweete *Mercurie*, and haue poore *Oenons* cryes,  
For *Paris* fault, ypeirceſt th' unpertiall ſkyes.  
*Mer.* The ſame is he, that iolly ſheepeherdes ſwaine.  
*Oen.* His flocke do graſe vpon *Auroras* plaine, 710  
The colour of his coate is luſtie greene,  
That would theſe eyes of mine had neuer ſeene,  
His tycing curled hayre, his front of yvorie,  
Then had not I poore I bin vnhappye.  
*Mer.* No maruell wench, although we cannot finde him,  
When all to late the queene of heauen doth minde him.  
But if thou wilt haue phyſicke for thy fore,  
Minde him who liſt, remember thou him no more:  
And find ſome other game, and get thee gon,  
For here will luſtie futers come anon,

## of Paris.

To hoat and lustie for thy dyeing vaine,  
Such as were monte to make their futes in vaine.

*Exit Merc. cum Cyclop.*

*Oen.* I will goe fit and pyne vnder the *Poplar tree*,  
And write my answere to his vow, that euerie eie may see.

*Exit.*

### ACT. III. SCENA V.

*Act III*

*sc. ii*

*Venus, Paris, and a companie of sheepeherdes.*

*Ven.* Sheepeherdes, I am contente, for this sweete sheepeherdes fake,  
A straunge reuenge vpon the maide and her disdaine to take. 730  
Let *Colins* corps be brought in place, and burned in the plaine,  
And let this be the verse. *The loue whom Thestylis hath slaine.*  
And trust me I will chide my sone for parcialitie,  
That gaue the swaine so deepe a wound, and let her scape him by.

*Past.* Alas that euer loue was blinde, to shoote so farre amisse.

*Ven.* *Cupid* my sonne was more to blame, the fault not mine, but his.

*Pastores exeunt, Manent. Ven. cum Par.*

*Par.* O madam, if your selfe would daine the handling of the bowe,  
Albeit it be a taske, your selfe more skill, more iustice knowe.

*Ven.* Sweete sheepeherde, didst thou euer loue. *Par.* Lady, a little once. 740

*Ven.* And art thou changed? *Par.* faire queene of loue I loued not al attöce.

*Ven.* Well wanton, wert thou wounded so deepe as some haue ben,  
It were a cunning cure to heale and rufull to be seene.

*Par.* But tell me, gracious goddesse, for a starte and false offence,  
Hath *Venus* or her sonne the power, at pleasure to dispence.

*Ven.* My boy, I will instruct thee in a peece of poetrie,  
That happily erst thou hast not heard: in hel there is a tree,  
Where once a day doe sleepe the soules of false foresworen louers,  
With open hartes, and there aboute in swarmes the number houers  
Of poore forsaken ghostes, whose winges from of this tree do beate 750  
Round drops of fire *Phlegiton* to scorch false hartes with heate.  
This payne did *Venus* and her sonne, entreate the prince of hell,  
T'impöse to such as faithles were, to such as loued them well.  
And therefore this, my louely boy, faire *Venus* doth aduise thee,  
Be true and stedfast in thy loue, beware thou doe disguise thee.  
For he that makes but loue a iest, when pleaseth him to starte,

Shall

# The Araygnement

Shall feele thofe fyre vvater drops confume his faithles harte.

*Par.* Is *Venus* and her fonne fo full of iuftice and feurytye.

*Ven.* Pittie it vveare that loue fhoulde not be lincked with indifferencie.

Hovve euer louers can exclaime for harde fuccesse in loue, 760

Truft me, fome more then cōmon caufe that painfull hap dothe moue.

And cupids bove is not alone his triumphe, but his rod,

Nor is he only but a boy : he hight a mighty god.

And they that do him reuerence, haue reason for the fame;

His shafts keepe heauē and earth in avve, and shape revvards for fhāe.

*Par.* And hathe he reason to mantayne vvhy Colin died for loue.

*Ven.* Yea reason good I vvarrant thee, in right it might beehoue.

*Par.* Then be the name of loue adored, his bowe is full of mighte,

His vvoundes are all but for desert, his lavves are all but right:

vvell for this once me lyft apply my speeches to thy fenſe, 770

And *Theftilis* fhall feele the paine for loutes fuppoſed offence.

*The ſhepherds bring in Collins Hearce ſinging.*

*VVelladay VVelladay: Poore Colin thow arte going to the grounde:*

*The loue whome Theftis hathe ſlaine,*

*Harde harte, faire face fraughte with diſdaine:*

*Diſdaine in loue a deadlie wounde.*

*VVounde her ſwete loue ſo deepe againe,*

*That ſhee may feele the dyeng paine*

*Of this unhappie ſhepherds ſwaine,*

*And dye for loue as Colin died. as Colin died. finis Camænæ.* 780

*Ven.* Shepherdes abyde, let Colins corps bee vvittnes of the paine

That *Theftilis* endures in loue, a plague for her dyſdaine.

Beholde the organ of our vvrathe, this ruſty churle is hee,

She dotes on his yllfaured face, ſo muche accuſt is ſhee.

*She ſingeth an old ſonge called the woing of Colman.*

*A foule croked Churle enters, & Theftilis a faire laſe wooeth him.*

*he crabedly refuſeth her, and goethe out of place. She tarieth behinde.*

*Par.* A poore unhappy *Theftilis*, vnpitied is thy paine.

*Ven.* Her fortune not vnlyke to his vvhome cruell thow haſt ſlaine.

*Theftilis ſingeth, & the Shepherds replie.*

790

*The*

## of Paris.

*The* *The straunge effects of my tormented harte,*  
*onge. VVhome cruell loue hathe wofull prisoner caughte,*  
*VVhome cruel hate hathe into bondage broughte,*  
*VVhome wit no way of safe escape hath taughte,*  
*Enforce me say in wittnes of my smarte,*  
*There is no paine to foule disdaine in hardy futes of loue.*

*Shep. There is no paine &c.*

*Theft. Cruell, farewell. Shep Cruell, farewell.*

*Theft. Moste cruell thow, of all that nature framed.*

*Shep. Moste creull &c.*

*Theft. To kill thy loue with thy disdaine.*

*Shep. To kill thy loue with thy disdaine.*

*Theft. Cruell disdaine soe liue thow named.*

*Shep. Cruell disdaine &c.*

*Theft. And let me dye of Iphis paine.*

*Shep. A life to good for thy disdaine.*

*Theft. Sithe this my stars to me allot,*

*And thow thy loue hast all forgot. Exit Theft.*

*Shep. And thou &c.*

800

*The shepherds carie out Colin.*

*The grace of this song is in the Shepherds Ecco to her verse.*

810

*Ven.* Now shepherds, bury Colins corps, perfume his herce with flowers,  
 And write what iustice *Venus* did amid these woods of yours.

How now, how cheeres my Louely boy, after this dump of loue.

*Par.* Such dumps, sweete Lady, as bin these are deadly dumps to proue.

*Ven.* Cease shepherde, these are other nues, after this melancholye. (*curie*  
 My minde presumes some tempest toward vpon the speache of *Mer-*

*ACT. III. SCENA. VI. Mercurye with Vulcans*  
*Cyclops enter. Manentibus Ven. cum Par.*

*Mer.* Faire lady *Venus*, let me pardoned bee  
 That haue of longe bin wellbeloued of thee,

D.j.

820

yf

# The Araygnement

Yf as my office bids, my felfe firft brings  
To my fweete Madame thefe vnwellcome tydings.

*Ven.* What nues, what tydings, gentle *Mercurie*,  
In midft of my delites to trouble me.

*Mer.* At *Iuno*s fute, *Pallas* affifting her,  
Sythe bothe did ioyne in fute to *Iupiter*,  
Action is entred in the court of heauen,  
And me, the fwyfteft of the *Planets* feauen,  
With warrant they haue thence defpachht away,  
To apprehende and finde the man, they fay,  
That gaue from them that felfefame ball of golde,  
Which I prefume I do in place beeholde,  
Which man, vnles my markes bee taken wyde,  
Is hee that fyts fo neere thy gracious fyde.  
This beinge fo, it refts he go from hence,  
Before the gods to anfwere his offence.

830

*Ven.* What tale is this, dothe *Iuno* and her mate  
Purfue this fhepherde with fuch deadly hate.  
As what was then our generall agreement,  
To ftande vnto they nil be nowe content.  
Let *Iuno* iet, and *Pallas* play her parte,  
What heere I haue, I woonne it by deferte:  
And heauen and earthe fhall bothe confounded bee,  
Ere wronge in this be donne to him or me.

840

*Mer.* This litle fruite, yf *Mercury* can fpell,  
Will fende I feare a world of foules to hell.

*Ven.* What meane thefe *Ciclops*, *Mercurie*, is vulcan waxt fo fine,  
To fende his *Chimnyfweepers* forth, to fetter any freinde of mine.  
Abafhe not fhepherd at the thinge, my felfe thy baile wilbe,  
He fhallbe prefent at the courte of *Ioue*, I warrant thee.

850

*Mer.* *Venus*, gyue me yourpledge. *Venus*. my *Ceftone*, or my fan, or bothe.

*Mer.* Nay this fhall ferue: your worde to mee as fure as is your othe,  
*taketh* At *Dianas* bowre: and Lady, yf my witt or pollycie  
*her fā.* May profit him for *Venus* fake, let him make bolde with *Mercury*.

*Ven.* Sweete Paris, whereon doeft thou mufe? (*Exit*

*P r* The angrye heauens for this fatall iar,  
Name me the instrument of dire and deadly war.

*Explicit. Actus Tertius. Exeunt Venus & Paris.*

*Vulcan*

# of Paris.

## ACT. IIII. SCENA I.

ACT IV  
SC. I

*Vulcan following one of Dianas Nymphes.*

*Vul.* Why nymphe, what need ye run so fast? what though but black I be 862  
I haue more preetie knackes to please, then euerie eye doth see.  
And though I goe not so vpright, and though I am a smythe,  
To make me gracious you may haue some other thinge therewith.

## ACT. IIII. SCENA II.

*Bacchus, Vulcan, Nymphe.*

*Bac.* Yee *Vulcane*, will yee so in deede: nay turne and tell him, trull,  
He hath a myftriffe of his owne to take his belly full.  
*Vulc.* Why fir, if *Phœbes* dainty nymphes please lustie *Vulcans* tooth, 870  
Why may not *Vulcan* treade awry, aswell as *Venus* dooth?  
*Nym.* Ye shall not taynt your trothe for me: you wot it verie well,  
All that be *Dians* maides are vowed to halter apples in hell.  
*Bac.* Ifaith Ifaith, my gentle mops, but I do know a cast,  
Leade apes who list, that we would helpe t'unhaltar them as fast.  
*Nym.* Fy fy, your skill is wondrous great, had thought the god of wine,  
Had tended but his tubbes and grapes, and not ben haulfe so fine.  
*Vul.* Gramercie for that quirke, my girle. *Bac.* Thats one of dainties frûpes.  
*Nym.* I pray fir take't with all amisse, our cunning comes by lumps.  
*Vul.* Sh'ath capt his aunswere in the Q. *Nym.* how sayes, a, has shee so? 880  
Aswel as shee that kapt your head to keepe you warme below.  
*Vul.* Yea then you will be curst I see. *Bac.* best let her euen alone.  
*Nym.* Yea gentle gods, and finde some other stringe to harpe vpon.  
*Bac.* Some other string, agreed I sayth, some other pretie thing,  
Twere shame fayre maydes should idle be, how say you, wil ye sing.  
*Nym.* Some roundes or merry roundy laies, we sing no other songes,  
Your melancholick noates not to our countrie myrth belonges.  
*Vul.* Here comes a crue will helpe vs trimme.

## ACTVS IIII SCENA III.

*Mercurie with the Cyclops.*

890

*Mer.* Yea now our taske is done. gone.  
*Bac.* Then merry *Mercurie* more then time, this rounde were well be-  
*They sing Hey Downe, downe, downe, &c.*  
D ij The

# The Araygnement

*The songe done, she windeth a horne in Vulcans eare & rinneth out.*

*Manent. Vulc. Bac. Mer. Cyclops.*

*Vul.* A harletrie I warrant her. *Bac.* a peeuisht eluifsh shroe.

*Mer.* Hauē seene as farre to come as neare, for all her raunging so.

But, *Bacchus*, time well spent I wot, our sacred father *Ioue*,  
With *Phæbus* and the god of warre are met in *Dians* groue.

*Vul.* Then we are here before them yet, but stay the earth doth swell, 900  
God *Neptune* to, (this hap is good) doth meete the prince of hell.

*Pluto ascendeth from below in his chaire. Neptune entreth at an other way.*

*Plut.* What iarres are these, that call the gods of heauen and hell belowe.

*Nep.* It is a worke of wit and toyle to rule a lustie shroe.

## ACT. IIII. SCENA. IIII.

*Enter Iupiter, Saturne, Apollo, Mars, Pluto, Neptune, Bacchus,  
Vulcan, Mer. Iuno, Pallas, Diana, Cyclops.*

*Iupiter speaketh.*

*Iup.* Bring forth the man of *Troie* that he may heare,  
Whereof he is to be araigned here. 910

*Nep.* Lo where a comes prepared to pleade his case,  
vnder conduct of louely *Venus* grace.

*Mer.* I haue not seene a more alluring boy.

*Apol.* So beautie hight the wracke of *Priams* *Troy*.

*The gods being set in Dianaes bower : Inno, Pallas, Diana, Venus and  
Paris stand on sides before them.*

*Ven.* Loe sacred *Ioue*, at *Iuno*s proude complaynte,  
As erst I gaue my pledge to *Mercurie*,  
I bring the man whom he did late attaint,  
To aunswere his inditement orderlie : 920  
And craue this grace of this immortall senate,  
That yee allowe the man his aduocate.

*Pal.* That may not be, the lawes of heauen denie,  
A man to pleade or answere by attorney.

*Ven.* *Pallas*, thy doome is all too peremptorie.

*Apol.* *Venus*, that fauour is denyed him flatlie,  
He is a man and therefore by our lawes,



## Of Paris.

Him selfe, without his ayd, must plead his cause.

*Ven.* Then baste not, sheepeherde, in so good a case,  
And friendes thou hast as well as foes in place. 930

*Iun.* Why, *Mercurie*, why doe yee not indite him.

*Ven.* Softe gentle, *Iuno*, I pray you do not bite him.

*Iun.* Nay, gods, I troe you are like to haue great silence,  
Vnles this parrot be commaunded hence.

*Iou.* • *Venus*, forbear, be still : speake, *Mercurie*.

*Ven.* If *Iuno* iangle, *Venus* will replie.

*Mer.* *Paris*, king *Priams* sonne, thou art araygned of parcialitie,  
Of sentence partiall and vniust, for that without indifferencie,  
Beyond desert or merit far, as thine accusers say,  
From them, to Lady *Venus* here, thou gapest the pryze away. 940  
What is thine answer ?

### *Paris oration to the Councell of the gods.*

Sacred and iust, thou great and dreadfull *Ioue*,  
And you thrise reuerende powers, whom loue nor hate,  
May wrest awry, if this to me a man,  
This fortune fatall bee, that I must pleade,  
For safe excusall of my giltles thought,  
The honour more makes my mishap the lesse,  
That I a man must pleade before the gods,  
Gratious forbearers of the worldes amisse, 950  
For her, whose beautie how it hath enticet,  
This heavenly senate may with me auer.  
But sith nor that, nor this may doe me boote,  
And for my selfe, my selfe must speaker bee,  
A mortall man, amidst this heauenlie presence :  
Let me not shape a longe defence, to them,  
That ben beholders of my giltles thoughtes.  
Then for the deede, that I may not denie,  
Wherein consists the full of myne offence,  
I did vpon commaunde: if then I erde, 960  
I did no more then to a man belong'd.  
And if in verdit of their formes deuine,  
My dazled eye did swarue or surfet more

# The Arayngment

On *Venus* face, then anie face of theirs:  
It was no partiall fault, but fault of his  
Belike, whose eyfight not so perfect was,  
As might decerne the brightnes of the rest.  
And if it were permitted vnto men  
(Ye gods) to parle with your secret thoughtes,  
There ben that fit vpon that sacred feate,  
That woulde with *Paris* erre in *Venus* prayfe.  
But let me cease to speake of errour here:  
Sith what my hande, the organ of my harte,  
Did giue with good agreement of myne eye,  
My tongue is voyde with proceffe to maintaine.

*Plut.* A iolly sheepeherde, wife and eloquent.

*Par.* First then arraign'de of parcialitie.

*Paris* replyes vnguiltie of the fact:

His reason is, because he knewe no more  
Faire *Venus Ceston*, then dame *Iuno*es mace,  
Nor neuer sawe wife *Pallas* cristall shielde.  
Then as I looked I loued and likte attonce,  
And as it was referd from them to me,  
To giue the pryze to her, whose beautie best  
My fancie did commend, so did I prayfe  
And iudge as might my dazled eye decerne.

*Nep.* A peece of art, that, cunninglie pardie,  
Refers the blame to weakenes of his eye.

*Par.* Now (for I must adde reason for my deede)  
Why *Venus* rather pleased me of the three:

First, in the intrayles of my mortall eares,  
The question standing vpon beauties blaze,  
The name of her that height the queene of loue,  
My thought in beautie should not be exceld.  
Had it bene destinyed to maiestie,  
(Yet will I not rob *Venus* of her grace.)

Then stately *Iuno* might haue borne the ball.  
Had it to wisedome bine entituled,  
My humaine wit had giuen it *Pallas* then.  
But sith vnto the fayrest of the three,  
That power, that threw it for my farther ill,

970

980

990

1000

## of Paris.

Did dedicate this ball: and safest durst  
My sheepeherdes skill aduenture, as I thought,  
To iudge of forme and beautie, rather then  
Of *Iunos* state, or *Pallas* worthynes,  
That learnd to ken the fayrest of the flocke,  
And prayfed beautie but by natures ayme:  
Behold to *Venus Paris* gaue this fruite,  
A dayesman chosen there by full consent,  
And heauenly powers should not repent their deedes.  
Where it is sayde, beyonde desert of hers,  
I honoured *Venus* with this golden prize:  
(Yee gods) alas what can a mortall man  
Decerne, betwixt the sacred giiftes of heauen.  
Or, if I may with reuerence reason thus:  
Suppose I gaue, and iudgd corruptly then,  
For hope of that, that best did please my thought,  
This apple not for beauties prayse alone:  
I might offende, sithe I was pardoned,  
And tempted, more then euer creature was,  
With wealth, with beautie and with chiuallrie:  
And so preferred beautie before them all,  
The thing that hath enchaunted heauen it selfe.  
And for the one, contentment is my wealth:  
A shell of salte will serue a sheepeherde swayne,  
A slender banquet in a homely skrip,  
And water running from the siluer spring.  
For armes, they dreade no foes that sit so lowe,  
A thorne can keepe the wind from off my backe,  
A sheepe-coate thatcht, a sheepeherdes pallace hight.  
Of tragicke Muses sheepeherdes con no skill,  
Enough is them, if *Cupid* ben displeased,  
To sing his prayse on slender oten pipe.  
And thus, thryfe reuerend, haue I tolde my tale,  
And craue the torment of my guiltles soule  
To be measured by my faultles thought.  
If warlicke *Pallas*, or the queene of heauen  
Sue to reuerse my sentence by appeale,  
Be it as please your maiesties deuine,

1010

1020

1030

# The Araygnment

The wronge, the hurte not mine, if anie be,  
But hers whose beautie claymed the prize of me.

*Paris hauing ended, Iupiter speakeeb.*

*Iup.* Venus, withdrawe your sheepeherde for a space,  
Till he againe be called for into place.

*Exeunt Venus & Paris.*

*Iuno*, what will ye after this reply  
But doome with sentence of indifferencie.  
And if you will but iustice in the cause,  
The man must quited be by heauens lawes.

*Iun.* Yea gentle *Ioue*, when *Iuno*s futes are mooued,  
Then heauen may see how well shee is beloued.

*Apol.* But, Madam, fits it maiestie deuine,  
In anie sorte from iustice to decline?

*Pal.* Whether the man be guiltie yea or noe,  
That doth not hinder our appeale, I troe?

*Iun.* *Phæbus*, I wot, amid this heauenly crue,  
There be that haue to say as well as you

*Apol.* And *Iuno*, I with them, and they with me,  
In lawe and right, must needefully agree:

*Pal.* I graunt ye may agree, but be content  
To doubt vpon regarde of your agreement.

*Plu.* And if yee markt, the man in his defence.  
Saide thereof as a might with reuerence.

*Vul.* And did yee verie well I promise yee.

*Iun.* No doubt, fir, you could note it cunninglie.

*Sat.* Well, *Iuno*, if ye will appeale yee may,  
But first dispatch the sheepeherde hence away.

*Mar.* Then *Vulcans* dame is like to haue the wronge.

*Iun.* And that in passion doth to *Mars* belonge.

*Iup.* Call *Venus* and the sheepeherde in againe.

*Bac.* And rid the man that he may knowe his payne.

*Apol.* His payne, his payne, his neuer dying payne,  
A cause to make a many moe complaine.

*Mercurie bringeth in Venus and Paris.*

*Iup.* Sheepeherd, thou hast ben harde with equitie and law,  
And for thy stars do thee to other calling drawe,  
We here dismisfe thee hence, by order of our senate:

1040

1050

1060

1070

## of Paris.

Goe take thy way to *Troie*, and there abide thy fate.

*Ven.* Sweete shepherde, with such luck in loue while thow dost liue,  
As may the Queene of Loue to any Louer giue. 1080

*Par.* My lucke is losse howe ere my loue do speede,  
I feare me *Paris* shall but rue his deede. *Paris exit.*

*Apo.* From *Ida* woods now wends the shepherds boye,  
That in his bosome caries fire to *Troy*.

*Iup.* *Venus*, these Ladies do appeale yow see,  
And that they may appeale the gods agree,  
It resteth then that yow be well content  
To stande in this vnto our finall indgment:  
And if king *Priams* sonne did well in this,  
The Lawe of heauen will not leade amyffe. 1090

*Ven.* But, sacred *Iupiter*, might thy daughter chuse,  
Shee might with reason this appeale refuse:  
Yet, if they bee vnmoued in their shames,  
Bee it a stain and blemish to their names:  
A deede to far vnworthy of the place,  
Vnworthy *Pallas* Launce, or *Iuno*s mace:  
And, if to beauty it bequeathed be, *She layeth Down*  
I doubt not but it will returne to me. *the ball.*

*Pall.* *Venus*, there is no more adoe then foe,  
It resteth where the gods doe it bestowe. 1100

*Nep.* But, Ladies, vnder fauour of your rage,  
How ere it be, yow play vpon the vauntage.

*Iup.* Then dames, that wee more freely may debate,  
And heere th'indifferent sentence of this fenate,  
Withdraw yow from this presence for a space,  
Till wee haue thoughtly questioned of the case:  
*Dian* shalbe your guyde, nor shall yow neede  
Your selues t'enquire how things do heere succede,  
Wee will, as wee resolute giue yow to knowe,  
By generall doome, how euery thinge doth goe. 1110

*Dia.* Thy will, my wish, faire Ladies, will yee wende?

*Iuno* Beshrewe her whome this sentence doth offende.

*Ven.* Now *Ioue* be iust, and gods you that bee *Venus* freindes,  
Yf yow haue ever donne her wronge, then may yow make amends.

*Manent Dij. Exeunt Diana, Pallas, Iuno, Venus.*

E

*Venus*

# The Araygnement

- Iup.* *Venus* is faire, *Pallas* and *Iuno* toe.  
*Vulc* But tell me now without some more adoe,  
 Who is the fairest thee, and do not flatter.  
*Plu.* *Vulcan*, vppon comparifon hanges all the matter:  
 That donne the quarrell and the ftryfe were ended. 1120  
*Mar* Becaufe tis knowne, the quarrell is pretended.  
*Vul.* Mars, you haue reafon for your fpeeche perdie:  
 My dame (I troe) is fairest in your eye.  
*Mar.* Or (*Vulcan*) I fhould do her doble wronge.  
*Sat.* About a toy wee tary heere fo longe.  
 Gyue it by voices, voices giue the odds:  
 A trifle fo to to trouble all the gods.  
*Nep.* Beleue me, *Saturne*, be it fo for me.  
*Bac.* For me. *Pluto.* for me *Mars.* for me, yf *Ioue* agre.  
*Mer.* And gentle gods, I am indifferent: 1130  
 But then I knowe whoofe lykely to be fhent.  
*Ap.* Thryfe reuerend gods, and thow immortall *Ioue*.  
 Yf *Phæbus* may, as him doth much behoue,  
 Be licenfed, accordinge to our Lawes,  
 To fpeake vprightly in this doubted caufe,  
 (Sythe womens witts woorke mens vnceafinge woes)  
 To make them freindes, that now bin frendles foes,  
 And peace to keepe with them, with vs, and all  
 That make their title to this golden ball:  
 (Nor thincke yee gods my fpeeche doth derogate 1140  
 From facred powre of this immortall fenate,)  
 Refer this fentence where it doth belonge,  
 In this fay I fayre *Phæbe* hathe the wronge.  
 Not that (I meane) her beautye beares the prize:  
 But that the holly Lawe of heauen denies,  
 One god to medle in an others powre.  
 And this befell fo neere *Dianas* bowre,  
 As for thappeazinge this vnplefant grudge,  
 (In my conceyte) fhee hight the fitteft iudge.  
 Yf *Ioue* comptroll not *Plutoes* hell with charmes, 1150  
 Yf *Mars* haue fouraigne powre to manage armes:  
 Yf *Bacchus* beare no rule in *Neptune* fea  
 Nor *Vulcans* fire dothe *Saturnes* fythe obay:

## of Paris.

Suppress not then, 'gainst lawe and equitie,  
*Dianas* power in her owne territorie:  
 Whose regiment, amid her sacred bowers,  
 As proper height as anie rule of yours.  
 Well may we so wipe all the speeche awaie,  
 That *Pallas*, *Iuno*, *Venus* hath to say,  
 And aunswere that by iustice of our lawes,  
 We were not suffred to conclude the cause.  
 And this to me most egall doome appeares,  
 A woman to be iudge amonge her pheeres.

1160

*Mer.* *Apollo* hath founde out the onely meane,  
 To rid the blame from vs and trouble cleane.

*Vul.* We are beholding to his sacred wit.

*Iup.* I can commend and well allow of it.  
 And so deriue the matter from vs all,  
 That *Dian* haue the giuing of the ball.

*Vul.* So *Ioue* may clearly excuse him in the case,  
 Where *Iuno* else woulde chide and braule apace.

1170

*All they rise and goe forth.*

*Mer.* And now, it were some cunnning to deuine,  
 To whom *Diana* will this pryze resigne.

*Vul.* Suffizeth me, it shall be none of mine.

*Bac.* *Vulcan*, though thou be blacke, thart nothing fine.

*Vul.* Goe bathe thee, *Bacchus*, in a tub of wine,  
 The balls as likely to be mine as thine.

*Exeunt omnes: explicit. Act. 4.*

ACT. V. *de ultimi*, SCENA I.

Act V  
sc. i

*Diana, Pallas, Iuno, Venus.*

1182

*Dian.* Lo, Ladyes, farre beyonde my hope and will, you see,  
 This thankles office is imposd to me:  
 Wherein if you will rest aswell content,  
 As *Dian* wilbe iudge indifferent,  
 My egall doome shall none of you offende,  
 And of this quarrell make a finall ende:  
 And therefore, whether you be liefe of loath,  
 Confirme your promise with some sacred othe.

*Pal.* *Phæbe*, chiefe Mistresse of this siluan chace,

1190

# The Araygnment

Whom gods haue chofen to conclude the cafe,  
That yet in ballance vndecyded lies.  
Touching beftowing of this golden prize.  
I giue my promife and mine othe withall,  
By *Stix*, by heauens power imperiall,  
By all that longes to *Pallas* deytie,  
Her fhilde, her launce, enignes of chiuallrie,  
Her facred wreath of *Oliue*, and of *Baye*,  
Her crefted helme, and elfe what *Pallas* may,  
That where fo ere this ball of pureft golde,  
That chaft *Diana* here in hande doth holde,  
Vnpartially her wifedome fhall beftowe,  
Without millike or quarrell any moe,  
*Pallas* fhall reft content and fatisfied,  
And fay the beft defert doth there abide.

1200

*Iun.* And here I promife and proteft withall,  
By *Stix*, by heauens power imperiall,  
By all that longes to *Iunoes* deitie,  
Her crowne, her mace, enignes of maieftie:  
Her spotles mariage-rites, her league diuine,  
And by that holy name of *Proferpine*,  
That wherefoere, this ball of pureft golde,  
That chaft *Diana* here in hande doth holde,  
Vnpartially her wifedome fhall beftowe,  
Without millike or quarrell anie moe,  
*Iuno* fhall reft content and fatisfied,  
And fay the beft defert doth there abyde.

1210

*Ven.* And louely *Phæbe*, for I knowe thy dome  
Wilbe no other then fhall thee become,  
Beholde I take thy daintie hande to kiffe,  
And with my folemne othe confirme my promife,  
By *Stix*, by *Ioues* immortal emperie,  
By *Cupids* bowe, by *Venus* mirtle-tree,  
By *Vulcans* gifte, my *Cefton*, and my fan,  
By this red rofe, whose colour firft began,  
When erft my wanton boy (the more his blame)  
Did drawe his bowe awry and hurt his dame,  
By all the honour and the facrifice,

1220

That



## Of Paris.

That from *Cithæron* and from *Paphos* rise :

*The conclu- } That wherefoere, &c. { ut supra.*  
*sion aboue. } Venus shall rest, &c. {*

1237

*Diana hauing taken their othes speaketh.*

*Diana describeth the Nymphe Eliza a figure of the Queene.*

*Dian.* It is enough, and goddeffes attende :

These wons within these pleasaunt shady woods,

• Where neither storme nor Suns distemperature

Haue power to hurte by cruell heate or colde,

Vnder the clymate of the milder heauen,

Where seldome lights *Ioues* angrie thunderbolt,

For fauour of that soueraygne earthly peere :

1240

Where whyftling windes make musick 'mong the trees,

Far from disturbance of our countrie gods,

Amids the *Cypres* springes a gracious Nymphe,

That honour *Dian* for her chastitie,

And likes the labours well of *Phæbes* groues :

The place *Elizium* hight, and of the place,

Her name that gouernes there *Eliza* is,

A kingdome that may well compare with mine.

An auncient seat of kinges, a seconde *Troie*,

Ycompast rounde with a commodious sea :

1250

Her people are ycleeped *Angeli*,

Or if I misse a lettre is the most.

She giueth lawes of iustice and of peace,

And on her heade as fits her fortune best,

She weares a wreath of laurell, golde, and palme :

Her robes of purple and of scarlet die,

Her vayle of white, as best befits a mayde.

Her auncestors liue in the house of fame,

Shee giueth armes of happie victorie,

And flowers to decke her lyons crowned with golde.

1260

This peereles nymphe whom heauen and earth beloues,

This *Paragon*, this onely this is shee,

In whom do meete so manie giftes in one,

On whom our countrie gods so often gaze,

In honour of whose name the Muses singe.

In state Queene *Iunos* peere, for power in armes,

# The Araygnement

And vertues of the minde *Mineruaes* mate:

As fayre and louely as the queene of loue:

As chaste as *Dian* in her chaste desires.

The fame is shee, if *Phæbe* doe no wronge,

1270

To whom this ball in merit doth belonge.

*Pal.* If this be shee whom some *Zabeta* call,

To whom thy wifedome well bequeathes the ball

I can remember at her day of birthe,

Howe *Flora* with her flowers strewed the *Earth*,

How euerie power with heauenlie maiestie,

In person honored that solemnitie.

*Iun.* The louely graces were not farre away,

They threw their balme for triumph of the day.

*Ven.* The fates against their kinde beganne a cheerefull songe,

1280

And vowed her life with fauour to prolonge.

Then first gan *Cupids* eyficht wexen dim,

Belike *Elifas* beautie blinded him.

To this fayre Nymphe, not earthly but deuine:

Contents it me my honour to resigne.

*Pal.* To this fayre Queene so beautifull and wise,

*Pallas* bequeathes her title in the prize.

*Iun.* To her whom *Iuno*es lookes so well become,

The queene of heauen yeildes at *Phæbus* doome.

And glad I am *Diana* found the arte,

1290

Without offence so well to please desart.

*Dian.* Then marke my tale the visuall time is nie,

When wont the dames of life and destinie,

In robes of cheerfull collours to repayre,

To this renowned Queene so wise and fayre,

With pleasaunt songes this peereles nimphe to greete,

*Clotbo* layes downe her distaffe at her feete.

And *Lachesis* doth pull the threed at length,

The thirde with fauour giues it stufte and strength

And for contrarie kinde affordes her leaue,

1300

As her best likes her web of life to weaue

This time we will attend, and in the meane while

With some sweete songe the tediousnes beguile.

## of Paris.

The Musicke founde and the Nimphes within finge or solfa with voyces and instrumentes awhile. Then enter *Clotho*, *Lachesis* and *Atropos* singing as followeth: The state being in place.

### *The songe.*

*Cloth.* *Humanæ vitæ filum sic voluere Parcæ.*

*Lach.* *Humanæ vitæ filum sic tendere Parcæ.*

1310

*Atrop.* *Humanæ vitæ filum sic scindere Parcæ.*

*Cloth.* *Clotho colum baiulat.* *Lach.* *Lachesis trahit.* *Atr.* *Atropos occat.*

*Tres simul.* *Viue diu fælix votis hominûmque deûmque :*  
*Corpore, mente, libro, doctissima, candida, casta.*

They lay downe their properties at the Queenes feete.

*Cloth.* *Clotho colum pedibus.*

*Lach.* *Lachesis tibi pendula fila.*

*Atr.* *Et fatale tuis manibus ferrum Atropos offert.*  
*Viue diu fælix, &c.*

*The song being ended Clotho speakes to the Queene.*

1320

*Cloth.* Gracious and wise, fayre Queene of rare renowne,  
Whom heauen and earth beloues amyd thy trayne,  
Noble and louely peeres: to honour thee  
And doe thee fauour, more then may belong,  
By natures lawe to any earthly wight,  
Beholde continuance of our yearely due,  
Th'unpartiall dames of destenie we meete,  
As haue the gods and we agreed in one,  
In reuerence of *Elizas* noble name,  
And humblie loe her distaffe *Clotho* yeeldes.

1330

*Lach.* Her spindle *Lachesis* and her fatall reele,  
Layes downe in reuerence at *Elizaas* feete.

*Te tamen in terris vnam tria numina Diuam*  
*Inuita statuunt naturæ lege sorores,*  
*Et tibi non alijs didicerunt parcere Parcæ.*

*Atr.* Dame *Atrops* according as her pheeres  
To thee fayre Queene resignes her fatall knife:

# The Araygnement

Liue longe the noble *Phœnix* of our age,  
Our fayre *Eliza* our *Zabeta* fayre.

*Dian.* And loe beside this rare solemnitie,  
And sacrifice these dames are wont to doe,  
A fauour far in deed contrarie kinde,  
Bequeathed is vnto thy worthynes,  
*Shēe deliuereth the ball of golde to the Queenes owne hands.*  
This prize from heauen and heavenly goddesse,  
Accept it then, thy due by *Dians* dome,  
Praise of the wisdome, beautie and the state,  
That best becomes thy peereles excellencie.

1340

*Ven.* So fayre *Eliza*, *Venus* doth resigne,  
The honour of this honour to be thine.

1350

*Iun.* So is the queene of heauen content likewise,  
To yelde to thee her title in the prize.

*Pal.* So *Pallas* yeeldes the prayse hereof to thee,  
For wisdome, princely state, and peerelesse beautie.

## EPILOGVS.

Omnes simul. { *Viue diu felix votis hominūmq; Deūmq;*  
*Corpore, mente, libro, doctissima, candida, casta.*

*Exeunt omnes.*



